

THE SALVATION ARMY.

A Typical Scene in the San Francisco Barracks.

"We will now hear from the newest soldier of the Salvation Army—our convert of last night."

This announcement from a female Captain of the San Francisco Salvationists brought slowly to his feet on the platform the convert. I have seen many men hanged, but never beheld on the scaffold or off it, a figure so depraved, so sinister. He seemed to be still in his twenties. His shoulders were sloping and narrow, his hands hung straight by his sides. The convict crop of his hair, which came down in a peak over his forehead to within an inch of his eyebrows, helped to give conspicuousness to the great ears that stuck out like flaps from his head. His eyes were mere slits, his nose hooked, swollen and of a leprosy white, and his stubby little mustache, growing close up under it, italicized the scowling sneer of the evil and degraded face. The manner of the brute accorded with his appearance, and the hideous story that came from his lips in calm even tones, as emotionless as if he had been a machine wound up for the occasion, was true. You could not doubt that any more than you could help thinking of penitentiaries and hangings when you looked at him. The stamp, the odor of the jail were upon the slinking savage creature—a lump of human offal spewed out by Whitechapel.

Captain Drace held the middle of the stage and smiled and smiled, guitar in hand, as she spoke. But nobody else smiled. There were none to share the captain's pride and pleasure at the exhibition of her prize convert.

"My friends," said the gallowbird, his eyes answering habit and giving furtive glances right and left, "I am glad to be here with you to-night. I have given myself to the Lord. Hallelujah."

It was said awkwardly and he did not raise his voice at "hallelujah." He had not yet caught the patter of the Salvation Army, to which absolute want must have driven him.

"Yes, my friends, I am saved. I am a stranger in your town, for I only landed here on the first of May, but most of you know about me, for all that. You remember the excitement about the boy murderer in London in '83. I" (here he collected and with a religiously subdued pride touched his vest with his finger) "am that boy murderer. The papers was full of me. It was all about three shillings that belonged to me father. You see, he asked me for them, but I had spent them for drink. He started in to strike me, and I struck him. I was taken to jail" (with the low criminal's foxy instinct he dodged confession by words of the actual murder), "where they kept me for a fortnight, and then I was brought before Judge Tavistock for me hearing, and I was remanded again for another fortnight. Then I was brought to trial in the Old Bailey for murder, and the jury brought me in guilty. I was only 15 at the time, you see, so they thought it was best not to hang me, and I was sentenced to prison for fourteen years. I served five of 'em, and was pardoned."

While the parricide coolly reeled off this naked narrative of his monstrous and unnatural crime, Captain Drace stood smiling. But the other girl, whom the fiend could have touched had he stretched forth his red hand, buried her face in her palms. The audience, loafers, drunkards, thieves and outcasts though they were, sat appalled in frozen silence. Captain Drace was manifestly unaware of the effect produced by the fearsome tale, but most of her comrades on the platform hung their heads. The murderer himself did not yet perceive how his confession had been received. He had paused, and the strained silence was suddenly broken with the words, not loud, but fierce:

"You had ought to be hanged!" They came from Mr. Nolan, who was leaning forward on his front bench, glaring with his blackened eye upon the parricide.

The instant change that came over the beast astonished the Army. With fist extended and head on side, his eyes menaced murder as he retorted:

"Well, I served me time for it!" He would have added more to this plenary exoneration for the slaughter of his parent had not Captain Drace, her smiles all gone and her comely face rather pale, interposed with a gentle gesture, and told the roused lamb to go on with his story. So, with an evil glance at the subdued Nolan, (to whom the bed had again come uppermost) and mollified by a sense of triumph, the murderer proceeded:

"Well, I served me five years, as I was saying when that gent put in, and then me mother, who had got me pardoned, came to the prison for me in a coach and pair. She took me home, and on the way she made me promise I'd let the drink alone and she'd give me a pound a week for doin' of it. But I did drink, and one day I goes home with the gin in me, and me mother and me had some words and I knocks her about. With that I goes off and drinks more. Next day I goes home and there's me brother and sister a cryin'."

"What's the matter of you?" says I. "You know," says they, still a-cryin'.

"No, I don't," says I; "I ain't done nothin'."

"Yes, you have," says they.

"What have I done?" says I. "Go up to your mother's room an' see," says they.

"So I goes up to me mother's room, an' there I see a sight such as I never see. She was a-layin' on the bed, an' both her eyes was black an' her nose broke. Then I comes down stairs an' I leaves the house, an' I ain't never seen or heard from her since."

Something came over the brute. The staring eyes of the horrified faces before him penetrated even his insensibility. He saw in them, bloated and low as

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

General Advertisements.

M. McINERNEY.

Are we to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Republic, seems to be the burning question of the day, and one we had rather leave to wiser heads than ours to solve; and while great statesmen are wrestling with this momentous question, we want to have a little "pow-wow" with you on some other subjects, that concern you as well as ourselves.

Has it not occurred to you that you've been wearing that old hat long enough! In these progressive times if you intend to be "in it," you've got to keep pace with fashion. No matter how otherwise well dressed you may be, unless your hat is the correct thing you bear a shabby appearance.

We have already laid in a stock of the Latest Hats of the coming Spring and Summer styles, in hard felts, soft felts and straws, and including a line of the celebrated "Fedora" Hats, at present all the rage in the United States. There is therefore, no necessity for you to hang on any longer to that old Tile that bears such a strong resemblance to the hat "your father wore."

Believing that business will be better in the near future, we have not hesitated to keep our stock full in all lines. Take collars for instance: We have almost everything you could wish for. If you wear a standing collar, just come in and take a look at our "Narenta" or "Ardonia," or if you prefer a turn down collar, try the "Winnipeg" or "Goswell," we have have lots of others, and can't fail to suit you. Cuffs in abundance, links or otherwise.

Neckwear in profusion, scarfs, windsors, 4-in-hands, and a special lot of "Boys' Bows," suspenders in great variety, leather and woven ends, good strong, serviceable goods.

We might go on indefinitely, but space is valuable, and to enumerate everything we carry would fill a pretty fair sized book. If there is anything you want in the men's line, just drop in and see us, and if we can't suit you, we don't believe any one can.

If you should want a pair of nice shoes, let us try a hand at fitting you. Did it ever occur to you

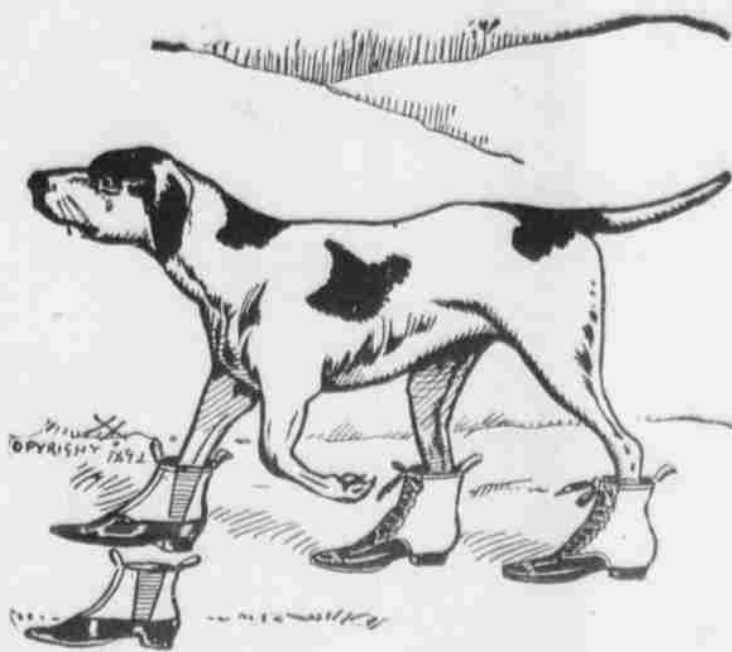
How much a man is like his shoes; For instance, both a soul may lose. Both have been tanned; Both are made tight by Cobblers; Both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete; And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mould. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last; and when The shoes wear out, they're mended new; When men wear out, they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline When polished, in the world to shine; And both peg out. Now would you choose To be a man, or be his shoes.

M. McINERNEY.

General Advertisements.



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Just three pointers will be enough for you:
1st—We have over 20,000 pairs of Shoes in stock to select from, embracing all leading lines.
2nd—We buy in larger quantities than any one in the country, only spot cash, consequently we buy cheaper.
3rd—We have no extraordinary inducements to offer; you would distrust a man who had gold dollars to sell for ninety cents. Look out for the shoe man with that kind of a story; his shoes may be Counterfeits.

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Wholesale and Retail Boots and Shoes.
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Sarsaparilla and
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25 AND 27 MERCHANT STREET, KEEP ON HAND

A Superior Assortment of Goods—Blank Books, all kinds; Memorandum Books, in great variety;

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Sheet Music—Subscriptions Received for any Periodical Published.

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Wholesale Grocers,

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Always on Hand.

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Per Every Steamer and Sail.

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Crackers, Potatoes, Salmon,
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Leather and Nails for Shoemakers.

M. W. McCHESNEY & SONS,

AGENTS FOR

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HIGHEST PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides and Goat Skins!

HIDE SALT

AT LOW PRICE.

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AGENTS

Honolulu Soap Works Co

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42, 56 and 63 bars to case—

One Hundred Pounds.

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FOR

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always up to the times in quality, styles and prices.
Plantations Supplies,

a full assortment to suit the various demands.

Steel Plows,

made expressly for Island work with extra parts.

CULTIVATORS' CANE KNIVES.

Agricultural Implements,

Hoes, Shovels, Mattocks, etc., etc.

Carpenters', Blacksmiths' and Machinists' Tools,

Screw Plates, Taps and Dies, Twist Drills, Paints and Oils, Brushes, Glass, Asbestos Hair Felt and Felt Mixture.

Blakes' Steam Pumps, Weston's Centrifugals.

SEWING MACHINES.

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Lubricating Oils, in quality and efficiency unsurpassed by none.

General Merchandise,

It is not possible to list everything we have; if there is anything you want, come and ask for it, you will be politely treated. No trouble to show goods.

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Nature's Grandest Wonder.

The Popular and Scenic Route

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Wilder's Steamship Company's

AI STEAMER KINAU,

Fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Courteous and Attentive Service!

VIA HILO:

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From Hilo to the Volcano—30 Miles.

Passengers are Conveyed in Carriages,

TWENTY-TWO MILES,

Over a SLENDID MACADAMIZED ROAD, running most of the way through a Dense Tropical Forest—a ride alone worth the trip. The balance of the road on horseback.

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TICKETS,

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